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A  
PANEGRICK  
ON THE 903  
CORONATION

Of His Most Sacred MAJESTY

CHARLES II.

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BY  
SAMUEL HOLLAND.

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LONDON,

Printed for *William Plaine*, at *Grays-Inne-Gate* in *Holborn*,

1661.

SALE

ON THE

CORPORATION

CHARLES II

BY ROBERT HOLLAND

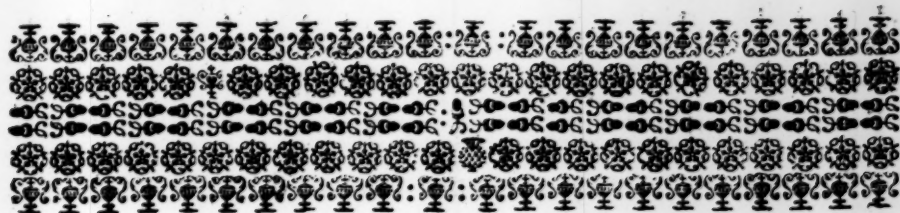


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OUR hallowed Vows are heard, our Just Desires  
Are now obtain'd ; no higher now aspires  
Our richest zeal : for in this radiant Train  
Our King hath brought the Golden World again.

Hayl, Prince's *Phœnix* ! Thou who causest so  
In swelling Tides our Joyes to over-flow  
By thy blest sight, and mak'st the World to see  
What unknown wonders do attend on Thee !

Some swift-foot Nymphs, make haste from hence, and pray  
The Hills and Flouds come keep this Holy-day ;

To all the world proclaims our Joys, and Feasts,  
 And do invite them to become our Guests,  
 And as you meet in *Neptune's* Azure Hall,  
 Bid them, bid Sea-Gods keep this Festival.  
 This Day shall be for evermore renown'd,  
 This Day shall still our Calenders resound.  
 And that our love may to this Day appear,  
 Henceforth with it we will begin the Year.  
 Great Prince, what Age shall count thy matchless deeds!  
 Exceeding all what Fame and Time e're reads.  
 For *Europes* lights (all bright in their degree,)  
 Will lose their lustre, parallel'd with thee.  
 By just Discent, you from more Kings do shine,  
 Then many can name Men in all their line.  
 What most men toyl to find, and finding hold,  
 You scorn the treasures of suborning gold.  
 And wisely think that Wealth to be the best,  
 Which is lock'd up in the Minds noblest Chest.  
 No stormy Passions do disturb your Soul,  
 No mists of Danger can it ere controule.  
 What Man hath been so meek? You life do give,  
 To those who do repine to see you live.  
 A Prince, that, though of none you stand in aw,  
 Do first subject Your Self to your own Law.  
 You joy in Good, and still, as Right directs,  
 You measure Greatness by your good Effects.  
 You Arms still mannage for your own Defence;  
 Wrongs to repel, and foster Innocence.  
 Your Noble Vertues, your desires do grace,  
 Stern Chance doth change, and to desert give place.

No more contemn'd shall hapless Learning lye;  
 The Arts and Muses shall be rais'd high.  
 And th' *Acidalian* Queen amidst your Bayes  
 Shall twine her Myrtles, and grant happy dayes.

O Halcyonian, O most happy Age !

No more shall Schisms, and Discontentments rage,  
 And vex Antartick Climates : *Englands* woes  
 Do vanish now, Joy in our Zenith growes.  
 Like your rare mind, which stedfast as the Pole  
 Doth fixed stand, how e're the Sphears do role.  
 That Rapine, Schisms, and lusts are fled to Hell,  
 And in their rooms with us all Graces dwell ;  
 That Honour now we more then Wealth respect,  
 And Order more then Heresies affect ;  
 That Piety unmask'd now showes her face,  
 And Innocence with Greatness keeps her place ;  
 That late-sterne Foes do now like Brothers love,  
 And Vultures prey not on the harmless Dove ;  
 That our Towns smile, our ruin'd Temples rise,  
 And their wind-courted Vanes do kiss the skyes ;  
 That bury'd Arts now rouze them to the Day,  
 And Night, and Falshood, are both fled away ;  
 That Wolves with Lambs now friendship entertain,  
 Are true effects of your most happy Raign.

O Vertues mirrour, Glory of our Times,  
 Ordain'd by Heav'n to expiate our Crimes !  
 Great King, but Better far then you are Great,  
 Whom State not honours, but who honours State.  
 By wonder born, by wonder first install'd,  
 By wonder after to your Realms recall'd.

Young

Young kept by wonder from home-bred Alarms  
 And sav'd by Wonder from bold Traytors harms,  
 To be in this your Raign which Wonders brings  
 A King of Wonder, Wonder unto Kings;  
 Allthose Perfections which by bounteous Heaven  
 To divers Kings in divers Times were given,  
 The Starry Senate pours at once on Thee,  
 That thou Exemplar to the world may be.

Let Traytors boast of Bloud, and spoys of Foes,  
 Fierce Rapines, Murders, and a thousand Woes;  
 Unhappy Traytors, who t' enlarge their bounds  
 Have charg'd themselves with shame, their Friends with wounds;  
 Who had no Law, but their Ambitious Will,  
 And took delight their nearest bloud to spill.  
 You are true Victor sent us from above;  
 What others strain by force, you gain by love,  
 And loudest Fame to You this praise imparts  
 To be the only Monarch of all Hearts;  
 They many fear, who are of many fear'd:  
 And Kingdoms got by wrong, by wrong are tear'd:  
 Such Thrones as Bloud doth raise, Bloud throweth down,  
 No Guard so sure as Love unto a Crown.

Run on, Great Prince, Your Course in Glory's way;  
 The End our Life, the Evening Crowns the Day.  
 Heap Worth on Worth, and strongly soar above  
 Those streights which made the World you first to love.  
 Transcend your Self, and make your Actions past  
 Be but as Beams, and Lightnings to your last. e  
 Let those out-strip all of your younger time,  
 As far as Autumn doth the flowry Prime.

Make



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Make happy long this Isle, which by your fight  
Hath now regain'd her former heat, and light,  
So ever Bayes your Noblest Brow adorn,  
And never Time see your fair Fame out-worn.  
So by your Subjects be you still desir'd,  
And by all Strangers feared, and admir'd.  
And may your high Exploits at last make even  
With Earth your Empires, Gloryes with the Heaven.

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**FINIS.**

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